

# The Grave Digger.

A Song of  
The Sea,  
for Low Voice.

Words by  
Bliss  
Carman.



Frank Ingold  
WALKER.

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY.  
CINCINNATI ~ NEW YORK ~ CHICAGO ~ LEIPSI<sup>C</sup>.

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J. L. Orme & Son,  
OTTAWA.

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# The Grave Digger.

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LOW VOICE.

A Song of the Sea.

BLISS CARMAN.

FRANK INGOLD WALKER.

*Vigorous.*

Oh the  
sham-bling sea is a sex-ton old And well his work is done, With an  
e - qual grave for lord and knave He bur-ies them ev-'ry one. Oh a  
loaf-ing i - dle lub - ber to him Is the sex-ton of the town, For

The musical score is written for a low voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Vigorous.' The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Oh the sham-bling sea is a sex-ton old And well his work is done, With an e - qual grave for lord and knave He bur-ies them ev-'ry one. Oh a loaf-ing i - dle lub - ber to him Is the sex-ton of the town, For'.

## Agitato.

sure and swift with a guid - ing - lift, - He - shov - els the dead men down, Then

*crs* - - - *crs* - - - *do* - - - *f*

hoy and rip with a roll - ing hip, He makes for the near - est shore, And

*ossia.* *p*

God who sent him a thou - sand ship, Will send him a thou - sand more. But

*p*

some he'll save for a bleaching grave And shoul - der them in - to shore,

*ff* *L.H.*



Shoul-der them in, shoul-der them in, shoul-der them in - to shore.

*L.H.*

2. Oh the ships of Greece and the ships of Troy, Went

out and where are they? In the port they made they are de - layed With the

ships of yes - ter - day. He fol - lowed the ships of Eng - land far as the

ships of long a - go, And the ships of France they led him a dance, But he

*Agitato.*

laid them all a row. Then hoy and rip with a roll - ing hip, He

*ossia.*

makes for the near - est shore And God who sent him a thou - sand ship Will

send him a thou - sand more. But some he'll save for a bleaching grave And

shoul - der them in - to shore, Shoul - der them in, shoul - der them in,

*L.H.*

shoul - der them in - to shore.

*L.H.*

3. Oh he works with a rol - lick - ing stave at lip, And

loud is the cho - rus skurled, With the bur - ly rote of his

rum - bling throat, He bat - ters it down the world, He

learned it once in his fa - ther's hall, Where the bal - lads of eld - were

sung, And mer - ry e-nough is the cho - rus rough, But

no man knows the tongue. Then hoy and rip with a roll - ing hip He



makes for the near-est shore And God who sent him a

*piu lento leggiero.*

thou - sand ship, Will send him a thou - sand more, But

some he'll save for a bleaching grave And shoulder them in - to shore, Shoul-der them in,

*L.H.*

shoul-der them in, shoulder them in - to shore.

